Thousands of Dollars Expended in Making an Eden in the West-

A Generous Hospitality Which was Denied to None-A Lonely Grave on the Hill-side.

In a grave of sand dug under the shadow of a lofty pine, in the steep side of a low foothill of the Sierra Mountains, in Nevada, lies mouldering now the frame of a man who in his time was one of the most unique characters of western life, says the Kansas City Times. In the person of openhanded, great-hearted Sandy Bowers was realized a phase of character that novelists and dramatists have since vainly endeavored to depict. When the great tide of emigration arose in the east and swept resistlessly on to the newly discovered gold fields of California, Sandy was borne westward on its bosom, and the waves lodged him high and dry in the Sierras. The alternating fortunes of the miners of that day were his, and affluence and poverty successively chased him with varying fortune.

But at length there came a bountiful day

But at length there came a bountiful day when, in the vernacular of the region Sandy "struck it rick." In the now almost forgotten time when Washoe was a thriving Nevada mining town of full 6,000 souls, Sandy "made a strike" in Ophir, and in a day was wealthy beyond his wildest hopes. In the elegant two-story frame saloon called "The Palace," in One-eyed Frisbiels Magnolia gambling hall, and in the shanty known as "Delmonico's" restaurant, where all the luxuries of the season were "fixed by an imported French cook," the news of the strike occasioned great excitement among the throngs of Wahoe's elite, and Sandy's great good fortune was the theme of every tongue. For a time he was content to enjoy it in the town that grew rapidly because of the millions that came pouring down from the hills into its lap.

The thousanns of dollars that accumulated for Sandy in Wells Fargo & Co,'s express office made him uneasy. He determined to travel, or as he phrased it, "bum aroun' in Yurrup," and then returning to Washoe build him a grand house under the shadow of the snow-clad Sierras near the margin of Washoe Lake. When Sandy's decision was made known the enterprising people resolved on giving him a parting reception, and notices were posted up calling for a meeting of the people to concert measures for "giving Sandy Bowers a blow out." Between the lively town and the lake was the race track, and the exercise took the form of a number of horse races. For some time prior to the day announced for Sandy's going incendiary fires had been of frequent occurrence, and the day before the races a young man, known to no one in the camp, was arrested by a self-constituted officer on suspicion of being the invention of the people to the constituted officer on suspicion of being the invention of the people to constituted officer on suspicion of being the invention of the people to the constituted officer on suspicion of being

nounced for Sandy's going incendiary fires had been of frequent occurrence, and the day before the races a young man, known to no one in the camp, was arrested by a self-constituted officer on suspicion of being the incendiary. He was locked up that night in the office of the livery stable, and could easily have escaped if the suggestion of flight had occurred to him.

Next day no one worked, and ranchmen and miners for miles around came into Washoe to see the fun and give Sandy Bowers a "good send-off," The young man who had been arrested stoutly denied having set fire to any buildings, but it was concluded he was guilty on general principles, and the crowd voted to hang him between heats of the races by way of giving Sandy a little farewell surprise. Everybody streamed out to the race track after dinner, and the alleged incendiary, who had a front seat opposite the judges' stand, enjoyed the races as much as any one. Between the heats of the last race the young man was put in Brad's dray wagon and driven up under the judges' stand, from the front of which projected a beam. A rope was adjusted about his neck and fastened to the beam above, and he was then told to confess, He said he didn't set fire to any buildings and so he couldn't confess. Being then asked if he had anything to say, he curtly answered:

"Nothin'; go on 'ith your ole hangin'."

The dray was driven out from under him and the unknown man was left dangling in the air. Sandy admitted he was very much surprised, but said it was a very good hanging, and after a brief time, during which the horses got well rested, the body was cut down and the concluding heat was run to everybody's satisfaction. Then everyone drank at the Palace saloon at Sandy's expense, and he and his wife entering the stage drove off amid the hurrahs of all Washoe. No one envied him. Venture-somely had he sought fortune out; bravely had he wooed; the dower of all her wesith was in his hands and measureless happiness seemed to mark his days.

Sandy Bowers and his wife, genuine sp

mens of the suddenly maderich of the early days of the west, ronned over Europe from capital to capital, as suited their variable fancies. They had more money than they could spend, and in the untarnished innocence of their hearts they fancied they were capital as most prople and a good deal bet. cence of their hearts they ranced they were as good as most people and a good deal better than many. But the chief object of their trip soon became the purchase of works of art and articles of furniture to adorn the home they made up their minds to build out in the sagebrush land. Costly pictures and marvels of the soulptor's chisely target tries and markels of the soulptor's chisely target tries and markels of the soulptor's chisely. tapestries and rugs, beautifully bound books in languages that they did not understand were all purchased with an indiscriminate hand that recked not of cost, and sought only a certain barbaric consistency of pro-

When the return of the travellers was announced in Washoe every vehicle was pressed into service to enable the people to go forth and welcome their favorite. It took some time after the meeting for them to regain their enthusiasm that oozed out when at first they saw the toggery in which Sandy was arrayed, regardless either of cost or was arrayed, regardless either of cost or taste. There were men who never afterward regained the equanimity with which they had before been content to regard their friend. Sandy at once set about realizing the dream with which his European tour had filled his mind. He selected as a site for his home a barren, desolate stretch of ground in the lap and on the breast of a low hill, the first of the range rising out of the Washoe valley. The hill rose to a height of 300 or 400 feet, and behind it rose another to a greater height, and so the gradually ascending hills lifted their heads higher and higher until the Sierras themselves, whose peaks shot heavenward with crowns of peaks shot heavenward with crowns of snow were reached. The foothills were treeless, but were garmented with gray-green robes of sagebrush that stretched down from the hills and thickly encroached

upon the sandy plain below.

On the breast of such a hill Sandy Bowers On the breast of such a hill Sandy Bowers chose the site of his wonderful home and from the spot one looked over the narrow valley to bright blue waters of Washoe Lake, and up and down like gray clad monks the sage green hills stood in long serried lines, hemming in the lake and valley. Sandy brought water from the everlasting sources of the distant hills and poured it out on the sands. He cleared away the gnarled sagebrush and planted grass and all manner of rare vines and bushes and trees. In appropriate nooks he copied features of landscape gardening he had jealously observed in Europe. He dug out a vast fish pond, and as the yielding sand would not hold the water in its place, he covered the bottom of the miniature lake with masonry and built walls for it. he covered the bottom of the miniature lake with masonry and built walls for it. After he had finished it he changed his plan and put an island in the centre of the

Serpentine walks were laid through the beautiful grounds that were cunningly ar-ranged to lead those who followed them to

some delightful bit of landscape. Statues that had cost thousands of dollars were mounted on pedestals that rose from mounds of earth purposly contrived for their reception. An enormous amount of money was expended on the grounds about the house, but the house itself was the wonder of the community. It was so large and pretentious and costly that its fame penetrated the whole state, and it was known as Bower's mansion.

trated the whole state, and it was known as Bower's mansion.

Few people can imagine how the beauty of the place was exaggerated when it was seen by eyes wearied of the endless sage green undulating sea of brush in a state where grew scarcely a tree or a blade of grass. It costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, and to the eye of the tired traveller, his throat parched with alkali dust, it looked as if it might have cost millions. Men went there from a hundred miles distant to lie on the grass by the pond under his throat parched with alkali dust, it looked as if it might have cost millions. Men went there from a hundred miles distant to lie on the grass by the pond under the spreading branches of a tree and listen to the murmer of pleasant fountains. Sandy made his house as open and free to the traveller as his grounds. He hung the walls with tapestries and costly pictures and fine carpets and rich rugs covered the floors and hallways. He had a piano, the case of which was magnificently carved, and was very proud of it, although neither himself nor any one in his house could play upon it. He had hundreds of beautiful bound books in his library that were of no more value to him for any use he could make of them than the stars in Orion's belt. Sandy's magnificence extended not only to his house and immediate surrounds, but it reached out in grateful recognition to the mine that had made him rich. In the mill that was built to crush the precious ore the beams were of mahogany, and the wood, the cost of which was trebled by the expense of getting it over the mountains, was lavishly used in the whole structure. It made no difference that the flying dust and powdered rock hid from it from sight; Sandy could spit on his large rough hand and rub it off if the incredulous visitor doubted and must see the wood itself.

Bowers' mansion still has a local habitation and a name, but only the ghost of its former beauty survives and casts over it the consuming shadow of decay. The little lake is empty and dry, the walls of masonry have crumbled down, and the shifting sands have crept in upon it. The lizard and horned toad live there now, and the snake winds his length along where then the goldfish swam, and the carp turned his sides to the sun. The gray spirit of the desert comes to claim, his own, and the snake winds his length along where then the goldfish swam, and the carp turned his sides to the sun. The gray spirit of the desert comes to claim, his own, and the snake winds his length along where then the goldfish swam, and the

there is now to be found only the pink wild

rose.

Half way up the steep side of the hill that rises abruptly behind the Bowers mansion under great large pine trees, in whose waving branches the wind murmurs a requiem, Sandy Bowers sleeps.

Vi toria as a Little Girl.

"An Old Clergyman" sends me the following anecdote, apropos of my remarks last week of little King Alfonso's isolation at the seaside. The anecdote, says my corre spondent, "will never be forgotten in my family. More than sixty years ago two little girls were walking on the parade at Broadstairs with their mother. Suddenly another little girl, who was walking with her mother, laid hold of their hands and ran with them so fast that she stumbled and fell. She was slightly hurt. The tall footmen then appeared from a carriage hard by to render assistance if necessary to the 'princess.' At the expressions of regret by the mother of the two little sisters, the mother of the princess answered kindly, 'Do not mind, she is more frightened than hurt.' That lady was the duchess of Kent, the princess our most gracious majesty the queen. One of the two little sisters so highly honored is still living, and is the wife of the writer of this letter." Broadstairs with their mother. Suddenly

Holiday Excursion Rate.

The Northern Pacific railroad will make a holiday excursion rate of one and one-fifth fare for the round trip between all points in Montana. Tickets to be sold Dec. 24, 25 and 31, also Jan. 1. Good to return

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miliar with the disease. Under such circumstances, or when not properly treated, the hoarscness becomes more marked and the child shows symptoms of having taken cold, then a peculiar rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prement the croup, but after the cough has developed, the croup is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand, It costs but fifty cents and only a few doses, or at most, not over one-third of a bottle is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always required, as it contains no injurious substance. As a proof of this fact, we refer to John L. Olson, of Des Moines, Ia., whose 10-year-old boy drank Moines, Ia., whose 10-year-old boy drank the entire contents of a fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy without the least injury. For sale by H. M. Parchen &

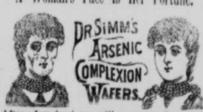
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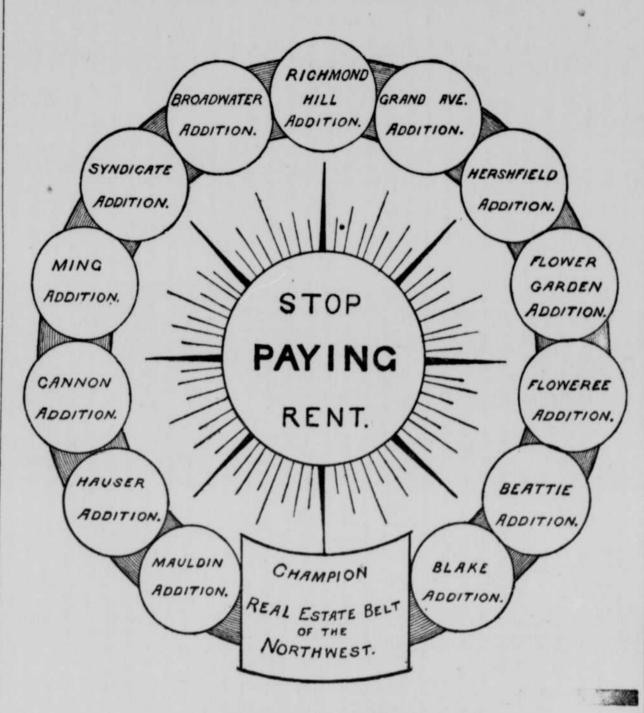
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